Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 30, 1902. NUMBER 22

I was walking in the street ... a beggar stopped me,—a frail old man.

His inflamed, tearful eyes, blue lips, rough rags, disgusting sores ... oh, how horribly poverty had disfigured the unhappy creature!

He stretched out to me his red, swollen, filthy hand ... he groaned and whimpered for alms.

I felt in all my pockets... no purse, watch, or handkerchief did I find. I had left them all at home.

The beggar waited ... and his outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly.

Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it ... "Don't be vexed with me, brother; I have nothing with me, brother."

The beggar raised his bloodshot eyes to mine; his blue lips smiled, and he returned the pressure of my chilled fingers.

"Never mind, brother," stammered he; "thank you for this—this, too, was a gift, brother."

I felt that I, too, had received a gift from my brother.

Ivan Tourgueneff.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
NOTES	339
The New Revolution	340
A Walk Through the Verestchagin Galleries	341
The West Park Board of Chicago.—FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM	342
Love's Sufficiency.—ELIZABETH BOGART	343
Immortal.—WILLIAM BRUNTON	343
THE PULPIT—	
John Ruskin.—JENKIN LLOYD JONES	344
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—	PAGE.
The Old Testament Bible Stories.—By W. L. Sheldon. Chapter XVI. Second Visit of the Brothers to Egypt.	347
THE STUDY TABLE—	
Ballantyne, C. S. K.	349
THE HOME—	
Helps to High Living	350
A Baby and an Elephant	350
The Captain Inside	350
THE FIELD—	
Distance.—JOSEPH LEISER	350
Foreign Notes.—M. E. H.	350

Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Organized 1894.
Has held seven general and eight local sessions.

The Congress of Religion

A SPRING SESSION IN THE SOUTH

This organization will hold a session through the courtesy of the **Chautauqua organization at De Funiak Springs, Florida,** on their grounds and in connection with their meetings.

MARCH 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1902.

There is an assured attendance of prominent speakers from the North and South. The program is in process of making.

A special invitation is extended to all friends of religious fraternity throughout the South. Correspondence and suggestions solicited.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary
3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - CHICAGO

Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE,
PENNSYLVANIA

Founded 1844. New endowments. No doctrinal tests. Modern program. Ample equipment. Thorough training for college graduates. Special provision for others. Send for catalogue to President G. L. CARY.

The Literary Digest and Unity

The frequent mention of the *Digest* in the editorial columns of UNITY shows the estimate in which the former paper is held by the editorial staff.

THE LITERARY DIGEST presents weekly a masterly condensation of current life and thought.

The regular subscription price of *The Literary Digest* is three dollars per year; that of UNITY, two dollars.

By special arrangement with the Publishers we are prepared to offer special clubbing rates. To new subscribers, the two papers for three dollars and a half per year; "new sucscribers" in this connection meaning names that have not been on the mailing lists of either *The Literary Digest* or UNITY during the last six months.

To old subscribers of UNITY, renewing in advance and new subscribers of *The Literary Digest* we will send the two papers for four dollars.

Subscriptions received at any time. Address

Unity Publishing Company, • • • • 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago

UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1902. NUMBER 22

Love is enough: though the World be a-waning,
And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to discover
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark wonder.
And this day draw a veil over all deeds pass'd over.
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter;
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

William Morris.

Edward Howard Griggs, a name familiar to UNITY readers, is conducting a Saturday lectureship in Boston, and his audiences have grown from the small hall to the large one in Tremont Temple. An exchange speaks of this venture as a kind of succession to the Joseph Cook Monday lectureship. It is a succession with striking variations. Perhaps the "people" will after a while learn to appreciate the gospel of hope and humanity which Mr. Griggs preaches more than the gospel of depravity and damnation which was the background of much of the great Joseph Cook's preaching.

As might be expected, Mr. Schwab's gambling at Monte Carlo, noticed in our last issue, is provoking wide comment among the leading journals of America. The Tammany organs in New York supported his "plunging." The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* thinks that if any minor employee of the United States Steel Corporation was to conduct himself in that way at Monte Carlo, President Schwab would promptly dismiss him. As quoted in *The Literary Digest*, the Springfield *Republican* shows its wonted insight and courage when it says: "As a method of acquiring unearned wealth quickly and in large chunks for a small group of men, the game at Monte Carlo is not to be mentioned with this of promoting a highly inflated trust in the United States. The president of the United States Steel Corporation seems to be manifesting abroad a spirit which he acquired in pretty close connection with his business at home; this business at home having recently consisted in the capitalization of $500,000,000 worth of property at $1,300,000,000 and scattering the securities as widely as possible among the investing public. Surely this is something of a game of chance in which people are invited to stake a share of their possession."

From the same "Sunday paper" that lies before us, bearing date of January 26, we clip these two items of news:

> William C. Whitney's expenditure for the coming out party of Miss Adelaide Douglas Randolph, his stepdaughter, has established the society limit for such functions at $25,610.

And the items which involve this gracious *debut* are furnished, which items are instructive, but we will forbear reproducing them. Here is the other item:

> After more than half a century of uninterrupted companionship John Tohldorf was taken to the county hospital yesterday, and his wife was removed to the poorhouse at Dunning. It was a pathetic parting as the police ambulance left the little frame dwelling at No. 799 Austin avenue, Chicago. The woman begged that she be allowed to accompany her husband to the hospital, but the police tenderly refused her request, and she burst into tears. The husband was seventy years old, the wife two years his senior. Their meager savings have been exhausted since the husband was stricken with paralysis a year ago. There seemed nothing else to be done but to separate them in their old age.

Oh, no, of course not. But Chicago has had some brilliant *debuts* of late. Silly little maidens have stepped high through foolish functions, and sage papas and prudent mammas have discounted their wisdom and their sense that they might wear the society smirk and do the inane bowing and posturing that becomes such a devitalizing and demoralizing event.

Social Service speaks of New-Castle-on-Tyne as the "first city to adopt the use of tables in the public parks where papers and periodicals are supplied for the convenience of those who during the pleasant months desire to read in the open air. The books and papers are loaned from the public libraries near the park." Of course this would be a "great success" from the start. It will doubtless prove so striking a success that people will wonder why nobody ever thought of it before. At first there may be some vandalism in the way of mutilating and destroying periodicals, more petty thieving in the way of carrying material away, but less of either than the pessimism born out of our excessive greed for personal ownership of everything from the coal in the mountain to the prospect of meadow and of sea and lakeside, might suspect. But sensible as is this taking the comforts and privileges of the house into the park in summer time, how much more imperative is it to bring the comfort and freedom of the park into the house in winter time. In our climate the park is scarcely available as a resting and lounging place for more than five months in the year, and still the millions of dollars invested in parks for this fraction of the year is justified and the call is for more and better privileges

of this kind. But how indifferent is the public and the municipality to the provision of similar accommodations and attractions to the public during the grimmer season of the year. Where are the winter parks and in-door places of innocent rendezvous, of joyous congregation? The reading-room, the public library and the saloon minus the alcoholic enemy of peace and prosperity must needs be written large, multiplied, popularized, refined and municipalized immeasurably.

Have you noticed the graphic exhibit of the cost of the Philippine war published by the New York Anti-Imperialist League and reproduced in *The Literary Digest* of January 25th? The men and dollars are represented by squares so that the eye may readily detect the proportions, each little square representing a man when men are involved, ten thousand dollars when dollars are estimated. From May 1, 1900, to June 30, 1901, 245 United States soldiers were killed, 430 wounded; and 3,854 Filipinos killed, 1,193 wounded. The estimated cost for the year 1901 on the Philipino side is $90,000,000; the total import into the islands for the same year was $30,279,406; the export from the Philippines during the same time was $23,214,948; the imports from the United States to the Philippines during that same year was only $2,855,685. The exports from the Philippines to the United States were but $2,572,021, the estimated profits on exports and imports to and from the Philippines $1,085,541. The cost of the war on the United States side is not given except in cost of life. This is the comment of our exchange: "The ratio between the Filipinos killed and the Americans killed is 16 to 1, while the ratio between the Filipino and American wounded is less than 3 to 1. The killed of the Filipinos outnumber the wounded more than 3 to 1. The total foreign trade of the islands would not pay sixty per cent of the cost of the war; the total trade of the United States would not pay six per cent of it and the profits on our trade would pay but little more than one per cent." Surely the New York *Evening Post* has a right to ask the question, "Has this terrible blood-letting, with the islands not yet pacified, paid from any standard, even the gross one of dollars and cents?" M. N. Forney, who prepared this heartbreaking diagram, adds: "The sickness is not represented, neither is the sorow, suffering and poverty which are the consequences of this destruction of life and health." Nobody likes to read such figures as these. The public and the press are sick of any discussion of this matter. How gladly would we all enter into a conspiracy of silence and say nothing more about the business that now nearly everybody concedes is a bad business! But the present perplexity can never be wisely met without this background of retrospection and regret. There has been violence done to the humanities and the higher interests of the world these last years by the English Government in Africa and the United States Government among the islands of the Pacific. Both English and United States governments, in their desire to wisely close the wretched business, must, as the first requisite, be frank with themselves.

The New Revolution.

The question of heredity is a very complicated one, but it is safe to say that in many quarters it has been overworked in recent years. Profound as is the truth that the individual is immeasurably modified by his inheritance, yet if the two forces are to be pitted the one against the other, environment, largely interpreted, is a greater factor in character, in most cases, than heredity. The two maxims of the turf are true, viz., "Blood will tell" and "Money makes the mare go."

If too much is made of environment in some directions there is still more danger of making too much of ancestry. The ancestral pride rests on a very shallow foundation, as a very little science will show. Every individual must have four great-grandfathers and eight great-great-grandfathers, saying nothing of eight great-great-grandmothers, giving to each individual thirty fore elders in four generations. Admitting one of these was noble, fortunate enough to be born in strenuous times or reared under inspiring conditions, the line of conspicuous heredity is much adulterated in the fourth generation. It is with some dismay, then, that we note the growth and multiplication of these ancestral societies in the United States, particularly the anxiety of all sorts of common people to exploit an uncommon heredity. The true glory of every man and woman lies in the fact that the life represented is a product of much complexity, that many lines converge in every individual; in other words, democracy and not aristocracy presents the true scientific basis of respect. Therein lies the titles of nobility. We are unable to state the distinctions as we have not attempted to keep track of the quarrels, the political intrigue and the strain for leadership among the various "Daughters of the Revolution," so much of which is now an object of painful notoriety.

But we are much interested in the final outcome. We are watching to see whether these alleged "Daughters" are to prove worthy the alleged fathers, or whether they are to justify Artemus Ward's philosophic witticism when he said, "People who exploit their ancestry are like potatoes—the best part of them is under ground."

We have said this much that we may have the right to say the commendatory thing concerning the movement of at least one section of the "Daughters of the Revolution" here in Chicago, under the lead of the State Regent, Mrs. Marguerite Warren Springer. She, making common cause with the Industrial Art League of Chicago, has pointed the way over which these "Daughters" may go to justify their ancestry.

The world is sick of war. Its contribution to civilization is well-night complete and the books are almost closed. The world waits for the peaceful revolutions of industry, the strike for social equity, a declaration of independence from the conventional tyrannies of caste, creed, class and race.

Looking in these directions these combined societies have been sustaining a course of fortnightly lectures in the University Lecture Hall in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, which began October 11 and will continue to April 25. These lectures represent the living

issues of the new civilization as interpreted by the men and women who, having given thought, are not afraid to speak. Among the men and topics are: "The Industrial Art," by Professor Oscar L. Triggs; "A Talk to the People," by Mayor Samuel M. Jones; "The Real Emancipation of Women," by W. M. Salter; "The Blight of the Army," by Marion Craig Wentworth; "The Coming Society," by Professor Albion W. Small; "Charity or Justice—Which?" by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, and "The Future of Militarism," by Professor Edmund J. James.

The lines upon which this bloodless revolution is to take place may be well indicated by the prospectus of the Industrial Art League, which is thus set forth:

(1) To provide workshops and tools for the use of guilds of artists and craftsmen, and means for the exhibition and sale of their products; (2) to give instruction in the arts and crafts; (3) to establish an industrial art library and museum; (4) by publications and other appropriate means to promote the arts and crafts.

When any band of women set themselves to cooperate with such a society as this and to help along such activities as this, they are indeed worthy "Daughters" of a doughty yeomanry, whether they marched in the Continental army or stayed at home, thereby helping to feed and clothe the Continentals.

The young Alexander managed the fractious Bucephalus by turning his head from his own shadow and giving him the road. Most of the "troubles" of these "Daughters" would cease if they could only be turned from studying their own shadows and be given the road of real progress, put on the track with something worth doing, at least a goal worth working for. This goal has been well stated by Mrs. Springer herself in an address before the Industrial Art League of Chicago at a recent banquet. We make room for the quotation, hoping that other "Daughters" reading it may take heed and go and do likewise:

"What is the problem of life?" The problem of life is the social problem, and the social problem is the elimination of waste. Here we have able-bodied, intelligent men out of employment; and instead of letting them produce for their own needs, we clothe, we feed and we shelter them. We do this through charity, poorhouses and prisons. We explain to them that the reason they are hungry is because they have produced too much food; the reason they have no shoes to wear is because they have made too many shoes; the reason they have no coal is because they have mined too much coal; and the reason they are clothesless is because they have manufactured too much cloth. You see it is so simple to understand that the less we make the more we have, and that the more we have made the less we have. This is what we call the theory of overproduction. It is evident that the only overproduction we have is the overproduction of ignorance. The philosophy of having one portion of society productive and the other portion supplying its needs, is the philosophy of ignorance and waste.

Ruskin has so aptly said: "Life without industry is guilt, labor without art is brutality." If our Revolutionary fathers were present they would all be found in the industrial art movement, assisting us to solve the problems of life; the problem of poverty in the midst of plenty, of misery where happiness should be. Were we able to receive a message from the tomb, it would read like this: "We care very little for monuments made of stone; they are too cold and have no life in them. Neither do we care for noises on the Fourth of July: this, too, is of little comfort. Patriotism consists not of stones and noises; patriotism is the working out of the problems of life. We gave our lives for a principle to prevent the taking away of property without the owner's consent. We would give our lives again to create opportunity for the people's happiness. If you wish to build a monument, build one of living men and women; bring happiness to the children of men. If you desire noise, let it come forth as a glad sign of joy from the hearts of men. This will be the greatest monument you can build us; this will be a great celebration to us."

A Walk Through the Verestchagin Galleries.

The first and most commanding pictures are the Napoleon series. Verestchagin, like his great contemporary, Lyof Tolstoy, after a lapse of over three-quarters of a century, is avenging in a high fashion the awful indignity which that deluded captain of war visited, not only upon the Russians, but upon humanity in the wicked march to Moscow. The blood of the unnumbered thousands who fell on both sides, the bones of the unburied rise again under the touch of art, not so much to protest against the wrong done as to plead with a still halting and confused humanity to avoid similar mistakes in the future.

These twenty-one pictures are *pictures* and can stand criticism as such. To those sticklers for art for art's sake, who resent the intrusion of the moralist in the study of the same, we would say, Very well, go study them as such. Note the clear outline, the natural poise, the wonderful handling of color and the ever bewitching setting of cloudland and horizon line. Go to, and make the most of the horses and the epaulettes, the swords, sashes, bayonets and all that. Make the most of the beautiful you find there; but in justice to the picture you must feel what the artist evidently felt, and know something of what the artist knew by careful study of the forces that made history which he has tried to interpret. So the best help to appreciate these pictures at hand is the clarifying letter text which the artist has furnished in his catalogue. Read there the story which he has summarized in these twenty canvases, and then come back to the canvases to find new meaning and the power that goes behind the canvas. These pictures of Napoleon in Russia imply a knowledge of the twenty years of Napoleon's career that ended in this campaign. Heretofore he had struggled with men and conquered. Now, in the audacity that follows continuous victory, he undertakes to fight with climate and with the world, and is beaten.

Look at picture No. 1, "On the Heights of Borodino," so full of light, the bright uniforms mocking the awful carnage in the valley below. See the sick man, seated in a chair, one foot resting on the drum, receiving with what seems stolid indifference messenger after messenger that announce the death of one commander after another, until forty-three of his generals have been laid low. Even the sunshine and the uniforms cannot be appreciated until you try to realize that they are in the presence of what the artist deems to be the "bloodiest struggle in history." Here is the "Grand Armeé" that started out, according to the official bulletin, four hundred thousand strong, already reduced to one hundred and seventy thousand, entering into this great duel. The official reports say that fifty-six thousand were buried on that field of battle, that thirty-two thousand horses were killed. Think of that before you try to estimate the power of the picture. Try to realize what the great Napoleon had to realize as he sat overlooking the battle, too sick to mount his horse, and what the artist realized before he set himself the task of painting the picture; then will you exclaim in the language of the American

commandant in Santiago Bay: "Don't cheer, boys. The poor devils are dying over there."

Now turn to No. 2, "Taking the Redoubt." The awful disorder of the dead bodies on rampart and in ditch, the mingled uniforms telling the grim tale of the charge and countercharge that took and lost the fort three times before it remained in the hands of the French.

And now turn to No. 3. See how he who was equal to all the active opposition that Europe could bring to him was helpless in the presence of the negative apathy of fate. His army had exclaimed "Moscow! Moscow!" as the weary ten thousand of the Greeks cried out, "The sea! The sea!" He had a sugared speech prepared for the delegation that would come out to meet him, to sue for mercy. But the deputation he waited for did not come. The Russians that failed to turn back his advancing column fixed the doom of the conqueror by leaving him with his conquest, an empty Moscow, which soon will be the burning Moscow, as portrayed in the canvases that follow, showing the conflagration, wrapping the beautiful Kremlin in the red mantle of flame, striking terror into the heart of even Napoleon in the presence of a sea of fire, reaching to the very skies, proving his pitiable humanity by scorching his face, blistering his hands and singing his velvet uniform with the same indignity that it visited upon the most helpless and worthless of his camp followers.

See in succeeding pictures how pillage and war ever go hand in hand; see the vandalism that stables the horses under the vaulted arch of the cathedral, uses the prayer places for the council chambers of war. See in picture No. 11 the mockery of military grandeur, as the Emperor and his gilded staff come down the desolate street lined with smoking embers and paved with cinders.

Look into the hut of Gorodnia and see the great Emperor at bay with his map before him, fighting destiny. "Is it advance or retreat?" Study the face of him who thought he held Europe in his hand in picture No. 14, "Bad News from France." Then follow him into "The Retreat." The story of that retreat has been told many times. It has been read with bated breath by thousands in many languages; but here are less than a dozen canvases that tell the whole story more vividly than pen of poet or tongue of orator can ever reach. See the huddled misery of the army sleeping in a snowdrift. See the wild-eyed, inspired faces of the citizen guerillas (in the picture called "The Partisans"), lurking in the snow-garlanded forests that they might avenge themselves on the flanks of the disheartened, fugitive army. See the army freezing, as the result of its own vandalism, the advance burning in wild frenzy the houses and the timbers that might save from freezing the rear when it arrives. What terrible irony is that which compelled the proud Emperor to trudge with his birchen stick along the drifted road, lined with the frozen carcasses of horses and men, broken gun carriages, naked feet and hands sticking out through the frozen snow crust, taunting his pride and mocking his greatness as he passes. Plunder, starvation, murder, without the glory of the battlefield. These are the things brought home to us by the power of the artist.

Beautiful, are they?

Yes, if power, if truth, reality, the providence of God set over against the weakness of man—if these things are beautiful, then these pictures are beautiful. But we look for indisputable adjectives. We must call them terrible, profound, Biblical, Revelation.

The West Park Board of Chicago.

A minor incident connected with the administration of the West Park Board of Chicago has drawn public attention to a body that wields a considerable political power for good or for evil in this State. The report of that board for the year 1900, recently issued, shows that the West Park Commissioners in that one year quietly disbursed over $400,000 in pay-rolls. The incident mentioned is significant enough to merit more than passing attention.

The present members of the Board of West Chicago Park Commissioners are as follows: Fred A. Bangs, president; Gabriel A. Norden, auditor; Andrew J. Graham, Charles W. Kopf, Charles Lichtenberger, Jr., Edward H. Peters, Frederick Schultz. Of these Andrew J. Graham and Charles W. Kopf were members of the board under Governor Tanner, while the five other members are the appointees of Governor Yates.

At a meeting of the board held in the middle of January the commission voted to its employees the following increased salaries: To William J. Cooke, Superintendent of the Park System, $4,500 a year, an increase of $900; to Walter Fieldhouse, secretary of the board, $4,000 a year, an increase of $400; to Captain of Police Nolan, $1,800 a year, an increase of $300. In connection with this action President Bangs is reported in the press as saying:

"Yes, the increases were granted all right, and the park funds are now in such shape that there will be no difficulty about paying them. While, of course, there are not sufficient funds available to go into a large number of permanent improvements, there is no reason why the board should not pay men like those favored adequate salaries for the work done. The duties of all three men have been steadily growing each year, and it seems to me that the increase is reasonable and legitimate."

Mr. Joseph W. Suddaril, the president of the preceding West Park Board, is reported as saying:

"Cook, in my estimation, would be a high-priced man at $900 a year. The board now is certainly not in a position to increase salaries. Schubert, who was the predecessor of Fieldhouse, drew a regular salary of $3,000 and got $600 additional for acting as chairman of the Board of Improvements. Under the present regime that board hasn't made an improvement, so I don't see why Fieldhouse should be given a still further increase. The captain of police has no assistant and is a sort of night-and-day man. If he is competent he is entitled to $1,800. As regards Fieldhouse, I suppose the Governor would not, of course, select anything but a first-class man, as he always does, and so on."

The Chicago *Daily News*, after a review of the in-

cident, concludes that the "West Park Board is a disgrace to Chicago and to Governor Yates, who is responsible for its present membership." This statement quite succinctly points out the shoulders that must ultimately bear the responsibility for the actions of the board. As will be noted from the quotation given above, Mr. Bangs is quite willing to accept his share of the responsibility, which is a large one. Furthermore, Governor Yates must accept his share, since no one can doubt that the present executive, with his highly centralized system, is in close touch with all matters that so vitally touch his administration.

The action taken by the board in the cases of Cooke and Fieldhouse was entirely indefensible as a business proposition. The taxpayers of Chicago need not be told that the present time demands the strictest economy in all branches of our government. The recent alarm as to the diminished fund applicable to school purposes is too fresh in our minds to allow the needs of the schools to be forgotten, while both Garfield and Humboldt parks demand the open-air gymnasiums and natatorium that have proved so successful in Douglas Park. What business man under such circumstances in a private business would increase salaries of high-priced men? In business the threat of resignation might force a raise of salary; but can anyone imagine that Messrs. Cooke and Fieldhouse went to President Bangs and threatened to resign unless their salaries were raised? Did Mr. Cooke hint that the United States Steel Corporation had made overtures to him to act as its president? Did he suggest that any private corporation thought he was worth more to them than he was getting from the public? Such a suggestion is too delightful to be true in its implication that a chronic officeholder would ever voluntarily even threaten to give up a job. This is especially impossible when we consider how many other ward workers feel confident that they can fill any position that is vacant. Dismissing this engaging hypothesis, we have the spectacle of President Bangs voluntarily and with lavish generosity spending the people's money on two political favorites, one of whom—Cooke—is really worth about $900 a year in the opinion of a former president of the board, who served over Cooke, and thus had ample opportunity to estimate his ability.

One other phase of the question remains to be considered, and that is, How can the action be reconciled with the spirit of the merit system, to which Governor Yates stands pledged? However difficult it may be to define accurately the exact bounds of the word "spirit," there can be no doubt that his pledge would prohibit the spendthrift waste of public funds. How ill-advised, furthermore, was it to permit such action when the public mind was excited over ideas of economy, when the people were wondering whether their children were to be deprived of their schooling from lack of funds, when they were hoping that there would be new parks, and that there might be betterments in the old, when they were chafing under the multiplied diversity of many taxing bodies and many more tax-eaters.

The loss of $1,600 a year, however, is not alone of vital moment to the people. It is of vital moment only when considered as an instance of the general administration of the West Parks; as evidence that there is no intention by economy and foresight to save money here and there until a fund be raised sufficient to start permanent improvements; as evidence that intelligent, businesslike management is not desired by the present board; as evidence that the payroll of the West Parks, a tremendous political lever, is in the hands of men who intend to use it for the reward of the "machine" instead of for the interests of the public; as evidence that the West Parks are to be left "in politics" by the present State administration.

FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

Loves Sufficiency.

A pregnant pulse thrills through the universe;
It quickens at the touch of Him who wrought
From chaos all the awful sum of things,
And placed within the whole each partial thought.
Love toucheth all.

It binds a heart to hearts now far removed;
Its pulsing holds each mighty sphere in place;
It brings refreshing dew to drooping flowers,
And lavish sun that paints each tiny face.
Love blesseth all.

The Cosmos, with its endlessness of worlds,
Is but expression of a thought divine;
The floweret in the mountain cleft—the same,
With form as full of eloquence as thine.
Love shapeth all.

Each thing fulfills its trust of God-sent power;
No yawning void can vary its career,
But, fitting close its part to other parts,
Behold—Love's perfect, all-involving sphere;
Love filleth all!

Cincinnati, O. ELIZABETH BOGART.

In a quiet villa in that part of Paris called Passy, a friend recently had a chat with Maeterlinck. When he is not in Paris or Brussels, he is usually in London, either visiting his publisher or spending a night at the theater. His favorite among English actors is Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Among British authors he is fond of the works of Swinburne, Meredith, Kipling and Hardy. In the course of the conversation he said: "What I especially love in England is the charm of the country and the beautiful coloring of the trees and fields and gardens. The English gardens are marvelous, and the south of England, on the coast, reminds me of Italy; there is the same temperature, the same blue in the sky, and the same clearness in the atmosphere." He is going to England in the spring to be married, because "the formalities are so much simpler than those on the continent." Mlle. Leblanc, the author's prospective bride, is engaged in a study of the psychology of woman, but she has as yet never published anything. M. Maeterlinck has just finished a three-act drama entitled "Monnapanna," "the action of which passes in the Italian Renaissance." He is now negotiating with the manager of the Theatre de la Renaissance, in Paris, and hopes to produce it there. It is also being translated into English.—*Boston Transcript.*

Imortal.

All immortal is our life,
Even in its toil and strife;
Seeming hanging on a breath,
It can nothing know of death!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE PULPIT.

John Ruskin.

A RIGHT USE OF MONEY AND CULTURE.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered in All Souls Church, Chicago, January 26, 1902.

I return this morning to our study of John Ruskin, dedicating my words first to those who are to join with me in the three months' study of his teachings which we begin to-morrow night. We shall apply ourselves to the first twenty-four numbers of his "Fors Clavigera," which is a name he has given to a series of "Letters to Workmen and Laborers," begun in January, 1871, and continuing for eight years, making in all ninety-six letters.

Of all men in English letters John Ruskin is the easiest to "dispose" of, and still there is no nineteenth century name in English literature that is more pervasive and persistent. The critics can show readily, and with great success, that he was wrong in his theories, impractical, erratic, either a writer of no style or of bad style; that he either would not or could not write good prose except at rare intervals, specimens of each of which the critic will graciously proceed to point out. And yet the critic's dictum, though unchallenged, goes, in the main, unnoticed or at least unheeded, while Ruskin stays a virile power in the ethical world today, a contagious personality and a charming and stimulating writer to a constant public, who do not know enough to remand him to the limbo ordained for him by the critics. Indeed, the critics themselves no sooner *"dispose"* of him than they return again with uncalculating homage and unwitting appreciation and praise.

For instance, Hammerton, in his life of Turner, would denude Ruskin of much of the honor and power ascribed to him in connection with the artist that inspired his earlier publications and with whom his name is inseparably associated. Mr. Turner says that Ruskin shows little of the critic's faculty, that he is seldom in a really critical temper for any length of time; but again he says he is a splendid artist in words, and gives him credit for that "burning enthusiasm without which appreciation and interpretation are impossible."

About the last word on Ruskin is that by W. C. Brownell in his "Victorian Prose Masters" of last year. Here again, in about twenty-five pages, this dexterous critic "disposes" of Ruskin. It is true he finds a "few beautiful fragments, bits of real literature, such as are worthily called gems," but in the main he accuses him of mediævalism, of social and economic preaching that is "futile and subversive of any notions we may have about the essential characteristics of prose." He pronounces some of his writings as "cheap tropicality"; he talks of his "tumultuous cadences in which his emotional genius riots." Even his "cadences" seem to give offense, though we can hardly make clear this man's sentence, who so passes upon the clearness of Ruskin: "Through his cadence you feel that his meretriciousness has a kind of nodal substructure of natural and genuine felicity." And still this writer honestly comes back to the indisputable fact that Ruskin "made a great impress upon his time." "He not only revolutionized the state of feeling in regard to fine art in England, did wonders both for the awakening of the humdrum, the matter-of-fact and the Philistine element of English society to the vital truth and real beauty of art, and against the conventionality theretofore accepted as artistic beauty and truth; he made a very deep moral impression upon many serious minds who still regard him as an evangelist rather than as a mere writer upon a fine art." This is fact—this is history; but when he throws in parenthetically that "this is the result of the chaotic condition of our culture," I am not so sure that I understand him. This critic says that "Ruskin was to an extraordinary degree a pure sentimentalist." Perhaps this is true, but I do not know just what he means, and I am still more at a loss to know whether it is something bad or good. My perplexity is increased when the writer tells us that "the day of pure sentimentalists is over." Perhaps so. But I know that Hugo and Parker, Tolstoy and Phillips Brooks, Kingsley and Henry Ward Beecher, aye, Gladstone and Lincoln, have been disposed of over and over again in about the same way, and still their day is not over. Mr. Brownell says: "Complete surrender to emotion is, of course, the source of whim and fanaticism." Perhaps so; but what about him who completely surrenders to his logic and his theories—aye, his intellect, reason or any other cold thing that is free from emotion and sentimentality? Is he the man that lasts, that writes good prose, or that has true appreciation of art?

Evidently it is not by means of literary criticism that we are to discover the secret of Ruskin's power which the critics themselves gladly recognize. Brownell, in the admirable book I am speaking of, regrets that Ruskin did not "consecrate himself to the service of the muses, for he certainly was a "born poet," though he "abandoned poetry at his graduation." He says his earlier prose was that of a true poet, and at once took rank as the first of that product of unrestrained genius known as prose-poetry; and he discovers the secret when he tells us that "this writing was in an exceptional degree the man." He talks of his "strenuous personality," of his "extraordinary intensity," and although he calls his benevolence "Quixotic," he says "his unselfishness was as notable as his self-will; he gave everything, himself included."

This is the elusive but ever final touchstone that tests all writing and all art. Matthew Arnold, in his famous lecture on Emerson, succeeds, certainly to his own satisfaction and apparently to the satisfaction of most readers, in proving that Emerson was not a great thinker, not a great poet, perhaps not a great writer, and we feel almost ashamed of our devotion to Emerson until he tells us that he is "the friend and helper of all those who would live in the spirit." Then we forgive Arnold and regain our self-respect; we do not care whether his writings deserve the name of prose or not, of poetry or not; we know it as what we need and we want. And so we approach the secret of Ruskin's power. Wrote George Eliot: "Do you look out for Ruskin's books whenever they appear? * * * I venerate him as one of the great teachers of the age. * * * He teaches with the inspiration of the Hebrew prophet." Carlyle writes to Emerson: "Do you read Ruskin's 'Fors Clavigera'? If you do not, do, I advise you; also whatever else he is now writing. There is nothing going on among men as notable to me."

Perhaps Turner could better understand Ruskin's estimate of him than any of the critics, and he said: "Ruskin knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do." And Tolstoy said: "Ruskin is one of the greatest men of the age. It pains me to notice that the English people generally are of a different opinion. But no man is a prophet in his own country, and the greatest men are seldom recognized in their own generation. Their contemporaries are unable to understand them." But Elizabeth Barrett Browning, while Ruskin was a young man, away back in the fifties, said: "I like Mr. Ruskin very much, and so does Robert; very gentle, yet earnest, refined and truthful. I like him very much. We count him one among the valuable acquaintances in England." While the trustees of the British Museum, the Prince of Wales, representatives of the National Gallery, the Royal Academy and Oxford University sent him in 1899, the year before his death, a memorial in which they dared say:

"We feel that the world is richer for that which you have been able to accomplish. * * * There is an increasing desire for the noble ideals you have set before mankind in words which we feel have brought nearer to our hearts the Kingdom of God upon earth."

So in spite of the critics, as well as by virtue of them, notwithstanding his mistakes and perhaps on account of them, quite independent of his verdicts concerning particular artists or art works, though through his devotion to art, his appreciation of the beautiful, I seek to interest you in John Ruskin as a sociological prophet. I commend to you the study of one whom I deem to be a very, very great man, great in his intellectual grasp, greater in his power of appreciating and of interpreting art and greatest in his skill in literature, notwithstanding his varying style and the great distance between his best and his poorest—aye, on account of this distance. He is great in all these directions because he possesses that quality which, for want of a better name, I call prophetic; it is that something which enabled him to see through shams into reality; the insight that enable him to apprehend the fine balances of justice, not only in their applications to the conventional and individual affairs of his own life, but in the great strains of trade, manufacture and politics. Most of us can tell the right and the wrong when they touch our personal interests. When we are defrauded we promptly resent it. When we defraud another we are promptly ashamed. The measure of our unhappiness is the measure of our life in such a case, but it takes a more alert nature, a more sensitive conscience to detect the large disturbances of the scales of justice in regard to communities, men and movements, which involve the plural number and imply the corporate life. But here the balances of ethics are poised with the same delicacy as those that weigh the quantities in the physical laboratory. The law of gravitation is no more fundamental than is the law of justice, only the latter is more difficult for us to measure.

John Ruskin was born on the 8th day of February, 1819, and died on the 20th day of January, 1900—that is, within a few days, he was born eighty-three years ago and died two years ago. He came of rugged parentage, of Scotch descent; his father going early to London to business, became a factor and finally the head of a large and profitable wine house in the days when wine dealing was not as disreputable as it is now. John was the only child born to these rigid but art loving parents. The parents, early impressed with the startling precocity and promise of the child, foresaw that he was predestined to be great, and they set themselves scrupulously to the task of training him to his destiny. He was a child of rigid though scrupulous discipline, of few playthings, of restrained love. The pious mother, hoping he might be Archbishop of Canterbury, loaded—perhaps overloaded—his mind with great Bible texts and high passages, for which he made loving acknowledgment in later life. His father dreamed of his being poet-laureate. The mother and child traveled with him as he solicited orders among his titled and wealthy patrons. He carried the little boy from one cathedral town to another; visited every castle and ruin that lay in their way. John never knew the time when he was not interested in cathedrals, ruined or otherwise. He wrote poetry at three, published poetry at eleven, was a pamphleteer at thirteen; naturally gravitated early to Oxford, his mother moving there to keep house for him while he studied. He became a lecturer before he was through his course. Before he was twenty-one the chivalric perhaps more than the artistic in his soul led him to protest against the sincere cynicism of the cultured Dons concerning the pictures of him who was then known as "poor old Turner." Greatness was thrust upon Ruskin by the publication of this protest.

"Modern Painters" first appeared anonymously, but it made him professor of fine arts in Oxford, which position he resigned when the university management undertook to curb his speech against vivisection. His lecture hall was crowded, and all sorts of legitimate devices had to be resorted to in order to protect the rights of the matriculated students, who were elbowed out by the eager visitors. Soon there appeared the group of artists of which Maddox Brown was the eldest and Gabriel Rossetti, a lad of nineteen, the youngest and the leader, with Holman Hunt and William Morris in between. They called themselves "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." It implied some fresh methods in art that incurred the ridicule of the masters, and the popular Oxford professor valiantly stood up for the boys. It was through such a course as this that Ruskin grew rapidly through the study of art into a study of economics. The love of the beautiful led him to a love of the just. There have always been plenty of softhanded artists who have deplored what they consider a "revolution" in Ruskin's life. They lament that he did not stick to his pencil and persist in that earlier enthusiasm which, notwithstanding what they deem his apostacy, made him master of a vast art lore, the close, almost microscopic student of many if not all fields of art, painting, sculpture and architecture. He studied with tireless enthusiasm. Much of this material he interpreted with his pencil and brush as well as with tongue and pen.

But there was no break in John Ruskin's life any more than there was a break in David Starr Jordan's life when he passed through the study of snakes and frogs in the Indiana marshes to the study of morals and civics in the Leland Stanford University. It was natural growth in both men. The love of the beautiful in the one, as the love of science in the other, climbed the ladder of being into the finest of the fine arts, the art of right living; into the highest of the sciences, the science of sociology.

Perhaps we can best realize something of this by a few titles and dates.

"Modern Painters" took book form in 1843, "Seven Lamps of Architecture" in 1849, "Stones of Venice" in 1851, and "Unto This Last" in 1860; this is one of the books which shows the "transition," some say, the growth I should say. It consists of four essays on political economy, the nature of which, perhaps, is hinted at by the titles—"The Roots of Honor," "The Veins of Wealth," "Qui Judicatis Terram" and "Ad Valorem." It is an attempt to get down to hard pan in political economy, to discover the ethical values in life. How unacademic a textbook this was! What a fool he must have appeared to the experts in political economy may be imagined when we remember that Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" represented the university standards of the time.

Two years later, in 1862 and 1863, came his "Munera Pulveris," six more essays on political economy, with the titles "Definitions," "Store Keeping," "Coin Keeping," "Commerce," "Government" and "Mastership." In-reaching and down-reaching titles are these.

The thorn in his flesh at that time was John Stuart Mill on the one hand and Professor Fawcett, whose textbooks were used in Cambridge, on the other.

In his preface to "Munera Pulveris" he says: "No political economist has hitherto ventured to state one guiding principle on these main and vital questions—National Dress, National Rent and National Debt." He finds no answer in the book to these questions:

"1. Does expenditure of capital on the production of luxurious dress and furniture tend to make a nation rich or poor?

"2. Does the payment by the nation of a tax on its land or on the products of it, to a certain number of private persons, to be expended by them as they please, tend to make the nation rich or poor?

"3. Does the payment by the nation, for an indefinite period, of interest on borrowed money from private persons tend to make the nation rich?"

In 1865 appeared "Sesame and Lilies," being three lectures to young people concerning books, reading, etc. Here is a sentence from the preface:

"And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his wise and due provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life, making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece, every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche; and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dogs' ears."

In 1866 appeared his "Crown of Wild Olives," lectures given earlier in life on "Work, Traffic and War," the last lecture being unfortunately taken by too many people as his final wisdom, notwithstanding his abundant horror and resentment of the latter-day revival of the martial spirit, the neo-militarism of the nineteenth century. How he despised the war that has been the study of the great "Powers" of Europe for three hundred years!

In 1868 came his "Time and Tide," perhaps the most careful attempt to make a systematic ethical system of economics. It consists of "twenty-five letters to a workingman of Sunderland." This was a real "workingman," a cork cutter. In these letters is discussed the labor question before there was a "labor question," technically speaking.

In the same year appeared his "Ethics of the Dust," ten lectures to little housewives, a study in dialogue. It is dedicated to "the real little housewives, whose gentle listening and thoughtful questioning enabled the writer to write the book." The fanciful titles of "The Valley of Diamonds," "Pyramid Builders," "Crystal Rest," etc., etc., give but little idea of how he has taught delightful little girls to talk about great questions in a delightful way.

In 1871 he began the publication of his "Fors Clavigera," the letters already alluded to. The fantastic title is a part of his playful love of language. He derives it from Latin roots that may mean either the "Club Bearer," the "Key Bearer" or the "Fortune Bearer."

They are letters, with all the free and easy swing of letters, gossippy, reminiscent, impulsive, at times explosive, sarcastic, always didactic and sometimes "preachy." They are full of art, literature, history, nature, sympathy, discontent and prophecy, because John Ruskin was all that. The letters were begun at Denmark Hill. They follow him around on his European travel; some of them come from Venice, some from Florence. The series ended at Brantwood, his final home, the beautiful home on Lake Coniston, in Scotland.

There is something in these letters that will interest the boys—quaint bits from the story of Richard the Lion-Hearted, the Fables of Marmontel. And here is something that will strike the life of the girl—comment on the bird wearing woman and the American girls traveling in Italy who pulled down the curtain on the most romantic and historic scenery that they might eat their chocolates and fight the flies in hot discomfort.

These letters were originally published on good paper with fair margin and sold at a reasonable price. He had his scruples about advertising, and at first their circulation must have been limited; the original copies are now rare and valuable.

There is no use in attempting to systematize or codify these letters. They are not methodical, they are not exact, they are not consistent. Ruskin, like Emerson, was great enough to contradict himself just as often as he pleased. "Consistency is the bugbear of small minds." It has been the wreck of many a statesman and the defeat and disgrace of many a minister.

John Ruskin did not give us a system of sociology any more than did Jesus give us a system of theology. He approached these problems from the standpoint of a man of leisure; he himself was not caught in the machinery; his fingers were not in the cogs; consequently what he says has less of heat and more of reliability. A man can scarcely speak his full mind when he has to say "Outch!"

Again, John Ruskin speaks from the standpoint of art. This, perhaps, is his most significant point of departure from Carlyle and Tolstoy. He felt the value of the beautiful as did his brilliant pupil, William Morris. Ruskin stands between the old and the new, belonging to neither and yet enamored of both. He would like to have a Parliament if they would let laws alone. He would like to have a king, "perhaps," for "decorative purposes."

Writing to William Morris, he said: "There is no use; you can make nothing of me but an old Tory." But in another connection he says he is a Tory after the stamp of Walter Scott and of Homer. One thing he was sure of—that the beautiful was allied to the ethical, that harmony was another way of spelling right.

Of course, we can make mince-meat of John Ruskin any time we please. We can gather a basketful of errors out of any one of these letters. It goes without the saying that many of his apprehensions were false, some of his postulates inadequate; but the same things may be said of Isaiah and Paul. It is well to remember that a crow can pick at a dead eagle, and that a cowardly coyote can make a fat meal on the beautiful mountain deer. It is not my purpose this morning or in the studies that are to follow to vindicate John Ruskin. I will yield the ground to almost every derogatory criticism you may make against him.

And still I invite you to join with me in an attempt to get closer to one of the great loving hearts of the century just gone, one who, perhaps, more than any other I can think of, unless it be Thomas Carlyle or Lyof Tolstoy, took upon his soul the agony of his nation and the burdens of progress.

To understand such a man we must put him into his proper relations, know him among his fellows. Over and over again he confesses that he built his fire with a Carlylian spark. If you want a short pedigree of Ruskin the Reformer, read Thomas Carlyle. Only a few months before Ruskin died Tolstoy said: "The one man in Europe with whom I most sympathize, who most understands the problems with which I grapple, is John Ruskin." William Morris was Ruskin's spiritual son.

And now I come to the most interesting and interpretative fact of all. Ruskin, Morris and Tolstoy, the three men who in their day and generation did most to expose the false uses of wealth, were themselves very wealthy, considering the time and places in which they lived. These men, endowed with genius, used their money to measure the potency of wealth. They made common cause with the burdened. They felt the bitterness of overtoil, the dreariness of unilluminated and uncompensated labor. Of course, they made mistakes, maybe grievous miscalculations, but their place is safe in the love of the world and their words have the potency that belongs to sincere disinterestedness, and their self-abnegation is precious to the world of souls.

The latest compilation of Ruskin figures at hand shows that his father left him £160,000 ($800,000) at his death; £17,000 of this was promptly given to his poor relations; £15,000 was given in one year to va-

rious charities, £5,000 to the founding of a chair of drawing at Oxford. One piece of property was disposed of for £3,500. The cost of one silk umbrella went to himself; all the rest went to charities, and none of it was thrown away. His books became very profitable. His publication interests were managed so skillfully that he won the title of "a great tradesman." And still he died poor, impoverished that others might be rich. His wealth had all been invested in the Bank that never breaks.

The publication of "Fors" was begun for the purpost of founding his St. George's Guild. In the first letter he dedicates a tithe of all his income to this work, which pledge he religiously kept all through his sickness, discouragements and wanderings during the eight years these letters were continued. He carried what he claimed every rich man should—a glass pocketbook—the contents of which from time to time he revealed to his unresponsive public.

The story of this St. George's Guild, still in a state perhaps of suspended animation; the beautiful Sheffield Museum, which even the hard world concedes a success, is too long a one to be told here. It must be reserved for another time. But some day, if life is spared, I hope to tell it.

I must close with just an allusion to the supreme pathos that gathers around this devoted head. He was a man who is accused of having too much heart, whom the critics would dismiss as "sentimental," yet he lived a heart-lonely life. "Fors" went out with its monthly appeal to the workingmen, but scarcely one responded. For the first two years he began these letters with "My Friends" and ended with a faithful superscription. At the end of this time, in the twenty-fourth letter, he says: "My friends, I shall not call you so any more after this Christmas; first, because things have chanced to me of late which have made me too sulky to be friends with anybody; secondly, because in the two years in which I have been writing these letters not one of you has sent me a friendly word of answer." "Thou gavest me no kiss" was the word of the loneliest soul of history.

Not only the reticence of the workingmen and the struggling world, but this interpreter of women, this philosopher of the fireside, this friend of little girls, the man with the sensibility that makes the love of woman so precious and so beautiful, was denied this last, sweetest, highest consolation of him who would serve the world. When a boy he fell a victim to the charms of the coquettish daughter of his father's Spanish partner. The little flirt laughed the sensitive boy away, and he fell into serious illness. In mature years he allied himself to an imperious beauty that to him at least proved cold and unresponsive. She, for whose edification he wrote "The King of the Golden River," gave her heart to another, and with a magnanimity which the world would not, could not and has not yet appreciated, he let her go without a murmur. Later in life his heart went out to a third, a pupil that seemed to have soul enough to respond—aye, she did respond. A rare and high love bound them. But in "Fors Clavigera" and elsewhere he had something to say of priests and the Church that shocked the piety of this conservative woman, and "for Christ's sake" she put him away though it cost her life, as it probably did. When on her deathbed he almost broke into her chamber by violence to plead his case with yearning love. She asked him if he could say that the love of God was dearer to him than the love of her. Ruskin must be honest, even in this dire trial, and he said, "No." And she turned away from him and died unreconciled.

Here, then, is the man who essayed to teach the toiling men of England, a man of marvelous frankness, a man who accepted his fortune as a responsibility, a man who devoted himself to the impersonal service of humanity, a man whose religion was in the present tense, first person singular; a man who recognized beauty as a fundamental element in all legitimate industry as well as in life, who found in nature a divine revelation, who gave his life as a reconciler between high and low, rich and poor, believer and unbeliever. He himself was at once orthodox and heterodox, a companion of the saints in the calendar of the Church and at home with the heretics which the Church has anathematized.

His message is electric with its immediateness; to some of you it will be tantalizing in its conservatism. It transitional nature is obvious, but its inspirational power is prophetic.

There are four elements in successful teaching, viz., the power of imparting information, the power of holding attention, the power of making an impression and the power of moving to action. These four requirements are prominent in John Ruskin. His "Fors Clavigera" bristles with quaint and valuable information, and this is presented in such a way as to give keen pleasure, and in such a way that it leaves its mark upon the mind, the impression stays; and lastly, and best of all, he touches the forces of action, he moves us with a desire for usefulness and leads us to say, "Here I am; send thou me."

Such is John Ruskin in "Fors Clavigera." I invite you to join with me in further study.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—
W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XVI.

Second Visit of the Brothers to Egypt.

And now those brothers, the sons of Israel, were to go back again to see if they could get more food, and to see if they could bring back their brother Simeon; and also to find out why it was that the man there in Egypt thought of them as spies and wanted to meet their Brother Benjamin. When they had arrived in Egypt, and Joseph had learned that Benjamin was with them, he told the steward to bring them all to his house to have them dine with him there. And the man did as Joseph had told him and brought the men to his home. But the brothers were afraid when they were brought into Joseph's house, not knowing what was going to happen to them. They did not want to go in; and they said to the steward: "We came indeed down at the first time to buy food; and it came to pass when we came to the lodging place that we opened our sacks, and behold, every man's money was in the mouth of the sack, our money in full weight, and we have brought it again, and other money have we brought in our hands to buy food. We know not who put our money in our sacks."

You see, they were afraid they would be accused of stealing the money. But it was going to turn out all right, as the steward said: "Peace be with you; come, and fear not. I had your money." Then he brought Simeon out unto them, and they did come into Joseph's house, and water was given them and they washed their feet, and food was provided. Then they made ready the presents when Joseph should arrive, after they had heard that they should take their meal there.

And so when Joseph came home, they brought in the presents which were in their hands in the house and bowed down before him, and he asked them: "Is your father yet alive?" And they answered him: "Thy servant, our father, is well, and yet alive." Then Joseph lifted up his eyes and saw his younger brother, Benjamin, and said, "Is this your younger brother

Benjamin, of whom ye spake unto me?" And as he said this it was too much for him. There was his dearest brother whom he had not seen for years. He could not stay with them, he was so overcome, otherwise they would know at once who he was. He had to go away for a while and weep. Then when he was able to control himself, he washed his face and came out and ordered that food should be set out for them. Then Joseph told the steward to fill their sacks with as much corn as they could carry, and to put every man's money in each sack's mouth. And he said something else, that was rather strange: "Put my cup, my silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest."

This of course meant Benjamin. I suppose Joseph did this in order to show his love for his dear brother —the next in age to himself. The time had not come when he thought it best to make himself known to them; but his heart was so full that he must take some way of showing his feelings; and he did it in this way by giving to Benjamin his precious silver cup.

Then they all departed, the eleven brothers, relieved at last of what they had been afraid of, and happy to think that they could go back and restore Simeon and Benjamin to their father. But in the meantime, Joseph had finally concluded that the time had come to make himself known to them. He felt pretty sure now that they had no feeling of hate for him. And so he said to his steward: "Up, follow after them, and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them: Where is my silver cup?" And the man overtook the brethren of Joseph, the sons of Israel, and spoke these words to them—and of course they did not know what to make of it. And they answered: "Behold, the money which we found in our sack's mouth we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan; how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, let him die, and we also will be thy lord's bondmen."

They hastened to take down every man's sack; and search was made, beginning with the sack of the eldest, going at last to the youngest; and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then the brethren rent their clothes. They did not know what to make of it. Once more it struck them that trouble had come again because of their former wickedness. There was nothing to do but to go back to the city. And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house, for he was yet there, and they fell before him on the ground. And Joseph said unto them: "What deed is this that ye have done?" And Judah said: "What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? how shall we clear ourselves? Behold, we are my lord's bondmen, both we and he also with whom the cup is found." And Joseph said: "No, but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my bondman; and as for you; get ye up in peace unto your father."

Here was a sad state of affairs! Benjamin to be retained! What would the old father think? What could they tell him? He would begin to suspect that they had done with their youngest brother as they had done with Joseph. And they felt it would be awful for him to lose Benjamin also. Trouble was upon them now, more than enough of it! And Judah made an appeal to Joseph, not knowing of course whom he was speaking to, saying:

"O, my lord, let thy servant I pray thee speak a word into thy ears. My lord asked his servants, saying, have ye a father or a brother? And we said unto my lord, we have a father, an old man, and the child of his old age, a little one, and his brother is dead. And thou sayest unto thy servants bring him down to me that I may see him. And we said unto my lord, The lad cannot leave his father, for if he should leave him, his father would die. And thou said unto thy servants, Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more. And it came to pass that when we came up unto thy servant, my father, we told him the words of my lord. And he said, Go again and buy us a little food, and we said, We cannot go down if our youngest brother be not with us; and thy servant our father said unto us, One of my children went from me, and I said, Surely he is torn to pieces, and I have not seen him since, and if ye take this one also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Now therefore, when I come to thy servant, my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, he will die and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant my father in sorrow to the grave. Therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord, and let the lad go up with his brethren; for how shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me? lest I see the evil which shall come upon my father."

Remember, it was Judah saying this to the very one whom he and his brothers had sold into slavery in Egypt. You can see what Joseph had found out at last —that Judah was willing to stay there himself as a bondman, in order that his younger brother Benjamin might go back to his old father. It was plain that the men were different from what they had been when they sold him to the Ishmaelites years and years before.

But it had all come out as Joseph had hoped it would come out. If he had not done this, he would never have known whether his brothers had repented of what they had done to him. See what a good thing it was that he had waited up to this time before making himself known. It must have been hard enough indeed not to have at once sent word to his old father that he was alive and prospering.

It is not easy for us to understand how a speech like this could have come from Judah, because it shows what a change had taken place in the man's heart after all these years. But the time had come when Joseph could restrain himself no longer.

There he was, alone in the land of Egypt, among a people to which he did not belong. He had been thinking for years of the time when he could return alone to his home and to his kindred in the land of Canaan and see his dear old father once more. And so he ordered that everybody else should leave the room where they were, save himself and brothers, and there stood no man with him while Joseph made known himself to his brethren. The tears were running down his face as he said: "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?"

You can fancy what a shock it must have been to those men there—his elder brothers. At first, they were afraid. They wanted to go away from his presence. It was the conscience within them awakening and stirring them to the memory of how wickedly they had acted. And Joseph cried out: "Come near to me, I pray you." And they came near. And he said: "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither. For it has all turned out well. Haste ye and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph: Come down unto me; tarry not; and thou shalt dwell nearby in the land of Goshen, thou and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks and thy herds and all that thou hast, and there will I nourish thee through the famine, for the famine is not yet over."

Then he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck, and they all began to talk together.

To THE TEACHER: There is no special lesson to be drawn from this chapter save of the generous spirit manifested by Joseph. There might be some questioning as to the essential traits of the character of Joseph in contrast with the other brothers. Show how the spirit of Abraham seemed to reappear in the attitude of gentle courtesy on the part of this grandson. It may be asked why Joseph had such peculiarly tender feelings for Benjamin, and the explanation could be offered that this brother may not have been with the others and not shared in their bad conduct in the way they had sold him as a slave. It could also be hinted that perhaps Joseph was now realizing that he had been somewhat to blame, and therefore felt more ready to forgive. He had learned a sad lesson from his boyish pride. Touch on the filial feeling he displayed in the language used about his old father.

MEMORY VERSE: *I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Ballantyne—By Helen Campbell.*

This, though not a great novel, is a pleasant one. If we miss in it the incisiveness to which writers like Kipling and Maurice Hewlett have accustomed us, this is more than made up, to some of us at least, by a sympathetic quality, a strain of motherliness, so to speak, which pervades everything that Helen Campbell is and does.

The necessary dramatic crux of the story is afforded by the seemingly hopelessly opposed ideals of the hero and heroine. Dan Cupid, with one kick of his tiny foot, is generally able to scatter to the winds such featherweight obstructions as ideals, but in this case he comes perilously near being unhorsed himself, because he thoughtlessly brings into contact two New England hearts without reflecting apparently upon the Plymouth Rocky hardness of New England heads.

Marion Lacy, a beautiful and high-spirited Massachusetts girl, left free by the death of both parents to do as she pleases with a comfortable fortune, is so disgusted with what seems to her the failure of republican America to reach her standard of social and political righteousness—she finds it so "crude, shifting, blatant and ignoble" that she determines to renounce her native country and live and die in England, to which she has made many delightful visits with her father.

John Ballantyne, the titular hero of the book and a noble and delightful fellow, has, although of American birth and a distant cousin of Marion, been brought up in England, to which a selfish and half-mad mother has tried to bind him for life by irrevocable vows. He, however, has nursed in his soul an undying love for his native land, and, determining to return there at all hazards whenever he is free, has successfully resisted all his mother's efforts to alienate his affections, though he remains with her obediently till her death. Then he comes back over sea to study at first hand the institutions his studious youth has idealized. By this time he and Marion have met and are deeply in love with each other, each remaining, however, immovably rooted in the early determination, from which, as it seems, neither Cupid nor any other creature will be able to stir their steadfast minds.

Here, apparently, an irresistible force meets an immovable obstacle.

> How all the world would stare
> If wife should dine at Edmonton,
> And I should dine at Ware!

But we shall see.

Meanwhile the underplot of the story evolves through Ballantyne's researches in this country after the civic and social secret of American life. While wandering about on this quest he for a while identifies himself with a community or phalanstery enterprise, *not* patterned after Brook Farm, for domestics are kept and no inmate proper appears to do a stroke of work, except, perhaps, the eccentric Dr. Prescott, who stood his patients on their heads "to develop new tendencies and capacities in their internal organs!"

It is in the delineation of this come-outer society, founded and presided over by the double-natured and enigmatical Pendleton Morris, that I think Mrs. Campbell has come nearest to failure in her artistic work.

Morris seems to be made up of about equal parts of Laurence Oliphant, the Harris who led him astray, and Mme. Blavatsky (as the hierophant turns out to be a woman). But the tents of the order (or disorder) over which he presides are left too general and indefinite to account for their attractiveness to so many and so various adherents as are supposed to flock to it. Even Koreshan Teed has to present a scheme involving supposed socialistic betterment to humanity in general—some Utopia in prospect. Pendleton has none that we can see. His only propagandum seems to be that people should seek "Knowledge, Life, Law, Themselves!" But we respectfully submit that these words do not present enough of a knockdown argument to induce even very impressionable Americans to go to a lonely country place and pay board for their exploitation. Even an exposition of the Thisness of the That and the Whatness of the Wherefore must be ballasted with some promise of magic healing or Quick-Salvation-Without-Pain to induce a flow of substantial dollars, of which such an institution swallows a great many, and which, in this one, seemed never to be lacking. Precisely this definiteness of aim seems to be lacking to the plans of the extremely human though mysterious sub-hero of this book.

To sum up, Mrs. Campbell seems to us out of her element in scenes of social extravaganza, as in those of "battle, murder and sudden death" (the big bow-wow style, as Sir Walter Scott called it); but delightfully at home when she keeps to delineations of natural, everyday life, both here and in England—partciularly at home when she creates some delicious, racy character like Barbara Ryde, and most of all at home when she insists on the old-fashioned ideal of patriotism in contrast with the spurious article, all fustian and bombast, which is often foisted upon us to-day as the real article.

Again we are with her when she shows us the conversion delicately yet effectively accomplished in Marion as she finds out, by severe experience, that England clings to quite as poor and gross social idols as America, with the added difficulty in freeing herself from the toils, that prescription has made them bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh; while ours, we hope and believe, will drop away when they are realized, like Christian's burden of sin.

There is a thin thread of the supernatural which occasionally turns up in the warp of the story, but hardly more than enough to emphasize the importance the author attaches to heredity; and in doing so, to account for the almost exaggerated outcrop of New England conscience and, must we say? obstinacy, in both hero and heroine. In fact, one is sometimes so provoked by the obstacles interposed by these peculiarities to the union of two young people evidently made for one another that he is tempted to parody Denis in "The Cloister and the Hearth," when, after listening to the story of "St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins," he exclaims, with charming impartiality, "Mulish maidens! Pig-headed Maccabee!"

But of course it all comes right at last, and in a manner warming to the cockles of the American heart, for even in showing fearlessly where our national

*Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

faults and dangers lie, Mrs. Campbell never fails to make manifest where *her* faith and hope are anchored. Bless her! C. S. K.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN. Those workers who fill up the gaps, and smooth away the rough spots, are the true peacemakers.

MON. Relaxation is the certain foe of worry.

TUES. He who has learned the true art of living will not waste his energies in friction, but will convert them into power and moral sunshine.

WED. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, jolting over every pebble; with mirth he is like a chariot with springs, riding over rough roads feeling only the pleasant motion.
Paradise is here or nowhere: you must take your joy with you or you will never find it.

FRI. To preserve serenity amid petty trials is a happy gift.

SAT. We must turn the key on work when we leave it, and at once unlock the doors of some wholesome recreation.

Orison S. Marden.

A Baby and an Elephant.

Travelers and explorers who have visited those parts of the world where the elephant abounds, and have studied the habits of these ponderous looking animals, have frequently written and told us of the extraordinary motherly love which the female elephant bestows towards its young. Natural, perhaps, as this love for her own kin may appear, one would hardly expect to find it extended to human beings; but such is the case with the big female elephant at the Glen Island Zoo, New York, who takes a delight in fondling her keeper's baby boy, much to the amusement of the visitors. Basel is the name of this Brobdingnagian nursemaid. She is a very sensible creature, and the only elephant at the Zoo. She is fifty years of age, and weighs something like 9,000 pounds.

The baby is Master Evan Healey, a bright fifteen-months-old youngster, who betrays not the least fear in the hands of his strange nurse. The methods adopted by the elephant when it wishes to give its precious charge a ride in his baby carriage are certainly unique. Sometimes it pushes the perambulator along with its trunk with its end on the ground; at others it will grasp the handle with the tip of its trunk, while occasionally it will push the carriage with one of its huge feet, guiding it at the same time with its trunk.

It may be added that the baby's father, Mr. Frank Healey, has had considerable experience with wild beasts. For fourteen years before his little son was born he had performed the duties of hunter, trainer and keeper of wild animals. He has made no fewer than thirty trips to Africa in the interests of animal dealers and collectors. One thing is certain—he has evidently trained the "big nurse" until he has full confidence that she will not injure her charge.—*The New World.*

The Captain Inside.

"Mother," asked Freddie the other day, "did you know there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man, and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys—one outside and one inside—and unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head and looked the right way I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one and be the captain. —Sunbeam.

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN. ELLEN T. LEONARD.
FREDERICK W. BURLINGHAM.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Hiram W. Thomas.	Jane Addams.	John W. Chadwick.
Caroline Bartlett Crane.	Emil G. Hirsch.	E. P. Powell.
Oscar L. Triggs.	R. A. White.	Joseph Stoltz.
John Faville.	Frederick Starr.	Granville Ross Pike.
Henry M. Simmons.	Frederick E. Dewhurst	Joseph H. Crooker.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Distance.

How far is Norway,
Ice-chained, frosty, and solid?
'Tis not so very far:
This evening 'neath the lamp light
I read a Norway woman's book.
This century's death gasp
She heard, and trembled;
Our discontent, uneasiness,
The thrall and sad affection
Of our day was real to her,
A copy of the very violet-mantled
Ocean that skirts her shores.
One ocean, two seas, a chunk
Of this vast continent's between us.
No matter. Were she
My next door neighbor, rehearsing daily
The whispered gossip of the world,
Would she be more?
What's space? a cloud, a sweep
Of undimmed vision, an arch
Riveted in nothingness?
There's something bridging space,
A brotherhood more vital
Than creed or race or nationality.
Norway, America melt in the brain,
And we are kin to all the world.

JOSEPH LEISER.

Foreign Notes.

THE WORK OF CALVIN AND THE LECTURE OF M. BRUNETIERE. —M. Brunetière, the eminent French Roman Catholic, literary critic, lecturer and editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, having—as already noted in these columns—expressed a desire to deliver a lecture on Calvin in the very city of the great Reformer, the Department of Public Instruction of Geneva extended a cordial invitation to him so to do. The 17th of December last was fixed as the date, and the great Victoria Hall as the place, of his appearance. Such a proposal and such an acceptance were in themselves significant of the progress made on both sides in the course of centuries, while the realization of the project has been such that M. Brunetière may well look back on it as perhaps his greatest and happiest achievement.

This lecture has been generally recognized as an event of far more than local interest and significance. Swiss and French papers alike are full of it and it will be long before the echoes die away. The following outline of the speaker's main points, and some suggestions as to the effect produced have been gleaned from such various sources as *Le Protestant*, Paris, organ of the French liberals in religion; *Le Signal de Genève*, organ of the Swiss nationalist party, and *La Semaine Litteraire*, likewise of Geneva.

Some idea of the widespread interest and anticipation of this lecture may be gathered from the fact that the doors of Victoria Hall being opened at 6:55 p. m., by 7:30 it was found necessary to close them and placard them with an

announcement that every place was taken. Hundreds were turned away, while within an audience variously estimated at 1,800 to 2,000 persons patiently awaited the appearance of M. Brunetière at 8 o'clock. This audience comprised university professors, protestant pastors, representatives of the Roman Catholic clergy, men of letters, and the intellectual or curious general public not merely from Geneva alone but from places as far away as Fribourg.

One Genevan writes: "Calvin, we must admit, was but a few weeks ago the least concern of the Genevans. M. Favon, Tœpffer and Rousseau were still talked of in Geneva but how seldom Calvin. To counteract this regrettable indifference some young historians recently founded a museum of the Reformation, in which, as the subscriptions show, perhaps 200 persons were interested; the bulk of the population whether old-time Genevans, Swiss from other cantons living among us, or newly naturalized foreigners, were not even reached by this appeal. But lo! an Academician, one of the 'Forty,' announces that he is going to speak on Calvin in Geneva. At once curiosity is aroused, everybody wonders why he is coming, what he will find to say, and determines to go and hear him. Catholics, protestants, free-thinkers—all are stimulated by the very idea. We owe a debt of gratitude to M. Brunetière for this first result, the re-awakening, or awakening of an interest in Calvin in the radical, free-masonic, cosmopolitan and, above all, colorless Geneva of 1901."

The same writer goes on to say that Geneva owes M. Brunetière another debt, for the too prevalent spirit of mockery, ridicule and indifference does not tend to unite but rather sows seeds for a harvest of antagonisms and hatred. The moral earnestness of the speaker impressed every one, and while his estimate of Calvin was probably not perfectly satisfying to any, it was of such a nature as distinctly to prevent the formation among his auditors of two opposing camps. So great was his tact that he was listened to with the greatest attention by the three or four parties represented and the slightest expression of disapproval by any individual would have been frowned down by all. He not only kept his word that he did not come to stir the passions, his moral attitude was such that he calmed those that might easily have been let loose. For a zealous, impassioned controversialist, such as he is known to be, to set such an example as this was no slight thing. The lesson is such as one does not forget, and more than one will remember it in Geneva.

But to return to the lecture itself, M. Brunetière, after saying how much he had wished to speak on Calvin in the very city where Calvin lived and wrought, assured his hearers of his desire not to shock anyone, but to speak impartially of the good and evil in Calvin's work. He first pointed out the merits of the Reformer as a literary man, a theologian and a politician. Though with certain criticisms and reservations, he dwelt on the beauties of style and of argument in his literary work, the doctrines of predestination and of grace of the theologian, and the union of ethics and politics in the political reformer.

All these, however, were the *works* of Calvin; his *work* was changing the whole conception of religion, a thing which had not occurred since the days of the apostles. Calvin intellectualized, aristocratized and individualized religion. He intellectualized it by making it appeal only to the reason. By that very fact he made it aristocratic since it was no longer something for the humble, the weak-minded and the uninstructed. Finally he made it individualistic by calling every believer to seek first his personal salvation.

It is just here that M. Brunetière's utterances proved most unexpected and most stimulating. Passing over the more evident phases of his subject, he went boldly to the heart of the matter. Not the humanism nor the ecclesiasticism of Calvin detained him. He did not so much as mention the question of authority in religion, but essayed directly a study and analysis of the religion of Calvin, that religion which spread from him so widely into Scotland and America. It is this analysis and characterization that has set his auditors, and will set many readers, to thinking, and it is just this that is calling out the most interesting comments and replies.

One of the most careful and thoughtful replies to the points made by M. Brunetière is that of M. Charles Borgeaud, author of that recent monumental work, a history of the Academy of Calvin. It is the leading article in *La Semaine Litteraire* for December 28. M. Borgeaud finds that the scholarly French critic has confined himself too exclusively to the study of the "Institutes" of Calvin. That to form a just estimate one must study also the life he lived and preached, and that practiced in the church he founded, which has spread so widely through time and space. "If this religion," he says, "judged by its historical manifestations, has really excluded 'mystery,' the 'unknowable,' sentiment, heart; if it has been 'only a philosophy, a moral code or at most a sect,' then M. Brunetière is right; Calvin has transformed religion into a purely intellectual matter. But M. Brunetière has not proved this and I think were he to attempt so to do, he would be stopped short, not only by numerous and characteristic facts but still more by formulas found in the oldest confession of faith of the Geneva Church, a document contemporaneous with Calvin's 'Institutes,'"

M. Brunetière holds that this religion is aristocratic because to be religious as Calvin desired one must have time and means for instruction such as belong to very few. To this point the ready answer seems to be the amazing impetus which that religion gave to the founding of schools and colleges and the popularizing of education as never before. M. Borgeaud asks whether a reform which admittedly based its religious edifice on the education of the laity can properly be called aristocratic, and offers to prove, history in hand, that the principle of the inalienable, imprescriptible sovereignty of the people was first formulated by Huguenots, that the first popular constitutions were formulated in America by Calvinists and that the famous Declaration of rights of the French Revolution had, in the last analysis, no other origin.

But M. Brunetière claims that in doing away with the common beliefs and observances of the ancient church, such as prayers for the dead, intercession of saints, worship of the Virgin, celebration of the mass, indulgences, works, etc. Calvin destroyed the social character of religion and made it a matter individualistic and egoistic. M. Borgeaud says: "Whatever may have been the influence of this new conception on the religiosity of believers, on their inward life and that of the church, I am convinced that it has been one of the most important factors in the political progress of modern society. Before the religious revolution of the sixteenth century the individual in the political sense of that word did not exist. This is the lesson of the facts. The Reformation—whether one count among its friends or foes—one must recognize, created the individual. And on the rights of the individual had to be built the new state, after the Revolution in the eighteenth century, in order that the organization of social solidarity might be presented to the twentieth century as the crown of a work for liberty and equality. The solidarity of the Middle Ages, without respect for the individual and without democracy, was servitude."

Much more might be cited on the subject of this very suggestive lecture, but lack of space forbids. M. E. H.

THE LIST OF BOOKS AT CLEARANCE PRICES

Just Issued by THE PILGRIM PRESS (Cong'l Bookstore)
Will Interest You. :: :: :: Send or Call for a Copy.

THE BOY PROBLEM *by Forbush*
Should be Read by Every Parent and Teacher. :: Net
or by Mail 75c. :: :: Send to Us for All Good Books.

THE PILGRIM PRESS,
(CONG'L BOOKSTORE)
175 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO.

Through First Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars to

California and Oregon

Every day in the year between

Chicago, San Francisco Los Angeles and Portland
via
Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

A most comfortable and inexpensive means of making the trip overland

Lowest Rates • Finest Scenery Shortest Time on the Road

Personally Conducted Excursions

every Tuesday and Thursday from Chicago

For illustrated pamphlets, rates and particulars inquire at ticket offices Chicago & North-Western Railway, 212 Clark Street or Wells Street Station, or address S. A. Hutchison, 212 Clark Street, Chicago.

BULLETIN
MONON TRAINS
On Time
MONON ROUTE
AND
C. H. & D. Rwy.
THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN
CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS, AND CINCINNATI.
4 Trains daily
CITY OFFICE 232 CLARK ST.
CHICAGO.

FAST TRAINS
Chicago & North-Western Ry.

The Overland Limited
California in 3 days
The Colorado Special
One night to Denver
3 days to San Francisco
The Chicago-Portland Special
Oregon and Washington in 3 days
The North-Western Limited
Electric Lighted—Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis
Duluth and St. Paul Fast Mail
Fast train to head of lakes
The Peninsula Express
Fast time to Marquette and Copper Country

NO change of cars. Everything in connection with its service is modern and progressive.

TICKET OFFICES
212 Clark St. and Wells St. Station.

THE "ALTON'S" ENGINEER

IF YOU WISH TO HAVE A NICE HALF-TONE ENGRAVING, 4½x3 INCHES, OF THE ABOVE PICTURE, SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS TO

GEO. J. CHARLTON,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO & ALTON RAILWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE READING!

Unitarian Tracts and other liberal religious literature sent free on application to MISS ELLEN A. CALL, 35 Sumner St., Lawrence, Mass.

To California
Through Colorado

A comfortable, interesting and inexpensive way of going to the Pacific Coast is to join a Burlington Route Personally Conducted Party. One leaves Chicago and St. Louis every week for Los Angeles, over the route outlined above, by way of Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City. All the magnificent Colorado mountain scenery is passed by daylight.

We reserve sleeping-car berths, and will be glad to send you illustrated books about Colorado and California (6 cents each) and folders with maps, time tables and a description of the journey, without cost. Kindly write for particulars.

P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass'r Agent C. B. & Q. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

OMAHA
SIOUX CITY
THE ST. PAUL ROAD
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.
SHORT LINE
ELECTRIC-LIGHTED TRAINS
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
Ticket Office, 95 Adams Street.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

CHICAGO,
MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL
RAILWAY.
ELECTRIC LIGHTED TRAINS BETWEEN
Chicago,
Des Moines,
Sioux City,
Omaha.
Chicago,
Milwaukee,
St. Paul,
Minneapolis,
EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

City Ticket Office: 95 Adams Street.
Union Passenger Station
Madison, Adams and Canal Streets
Chicago.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY." IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO